

The Times-Dispatch

DAILY-WEEKLY-SUNDAY

Business Office.....216 E. Main Street
 Richmond, Va.
 Petersburg Bureau.....100 N. Seymour Street
 Lynchburg Bureau.....215 Eighth Street

BY MAIL. One Six Three One
 POSTAGE PAID. Year. Mo. Do.
 Daily with Sunday.....\$6.00 \$3.00 \$1.50
 Daily without Sunday.....4.00 2.00 1.00
 Sunday edition only.....2.00 1.00 .50
 Weekly (Wednesday).....1.00 .50 .25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs), Manchester and Petersburg—

One Week
 Daily with Sunday.....10 cents
 Daily without Sunday.....5 cents
 Sunday only.....5 cents

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1910.

PAINTING THE AMERICANS.

The Baroness Hermione von Preussen-Telmann, who is described by the New York World as "plump, yellow-haired, genial and extremely frank," is an artist; that is to say, she has painted some pictures and has been offering them to such of the better New Yorkers as can afford to buy them, whether they want them or not. The Baroness is also a writer, and intends to write some books about America. She may be able to sell her pictures, but we fear that she has been anticipated in literature by Max O'Rell and Bernard Shaw, and the Chinaman who has given his impressions about the Americans, and Hop Smith, who has made his living by his brush and his pen and his mouth. However that may be, we wish the Baroness great success in her endeavors. Americans like to be talked about; it doesn't matter very much what is said about them just so something is said.

The Baroness gave an exhibition of her paintings in New York the other day, under the patronage of the Count von Bernsdorff, the German Ambassador to the United States, and a very fine man, and was complimented on her work. The art critic of the World was much moved by one of these pictures called "Circe," which showed, as we are told, "a nude woman with hair of Titian red and dark eyes filled with mocking light, standing amid a herd of swine, whom she has just magically created from a horde of men." If it were not for the "daring" eyes filled with mocking light, we should spot the picture at once as having been drawn in Houston, Texas. The red head and the swine are true to life; but we are a little puzzled about the eyes, the eyes of nearly all the women in Texas who would consent to being painted in this bald way being of a faded-out blue; but Bailey would be able to tell better about it, probably. If he could only see "Circe." Another of the Baroness's paintings is called "The Vampire," which is also said to represent a red-headed woman with "bat-like wings that sweep up from her shoulders." Her face is hidden, and, of course, we are not quite able to place her, but she, also, for all that we know, may be from Texas; certainly there is no one that would answer to that description in either of the Carolinas or in grand old Virginia. It doesn't make any difference where the subjects were found, however, as from the descriptions given of them by Don Seitz, there is no doubt that they are as true to life as any painter who has been in the United States for only a short time could have been expected to make them.

We have been as much impressed by the Baroness's powers of literary description of the Americans as she has seen as by her artistic reproductions of them on the naked canvas. She has found the American woman "much more clever than the men." Granted! The men are "simply impossible." Right you are again, dear Baroness. Some of the women are "very beautiful," but "oh! they are frightfully conceited! And they show such awful unoriginality in dress. All wear their hair in exactly the same manner. A little while ago they made their heads into a biscuit quilt; and now it is a round frying-pan; because it is the 'style,' your ladies must make themselves hideous." There ought to be something entertaining in her books, if the Baroness will only keep up this ilk. Somebody ought to tell her, however, that a large part of the biscuit and frying-pan effects were largely "made in Germany," and that they have been worked off on the unsuspecting Americans in the course of trade. Down in Richmond, where the only true Americans are to be found, the women wear their own hair, in the main, and wear it in a most charming way. The Baroness ought to drop in for a day or two if she wish to make her books what they ought to be. We doubt that she has seen a real American since she came over here, and, besides, she would probably sell more of her paintings if she would use a little more of the French savoir in her advertising business.

The hardest thing said by the Baroness about the Americans and their ways was in relation to our song birds, which Carol whenever they can get a chance in the "Poets' Corner" of the newspapers, or such of them as keep up that interesting feature of Journalism, as it was and as it ought to be. America is young, and America "has the faults and the virtues of its youth," and America is the land of easy divorce and is threatened with woman suffrage, and "you think you are perfect—that is the trouble." But, thank Heaven, we are improving all the time! It was at this point that the Baroness struck the blow that went to our very vitals—not vitals, for everything has gone up so high in price that it is precious little that one can get to eat nowadays—when

she hit so many of us in our tenderest spot, thus: "Some day I am sure you will even have an original poet." This was, indeed, the most unkindest cut of all. "An original poet!" forsooth, and likewise and alackaday, when the country is actually flooded with them. They blossom on every hill; they throng the marts of trade, they spread out over the valleys, and on the mountain tops they are suffused with every coming of the joyful day, and as the shadows lengthen in the West they revel in the afterglow, and rejoice that here in this land of song they live and make human hearts glad that there are stockyards and bank accounts in this great garden of the world's easiest marks.

CASEY AT THE BAT.

The Colonel has reached Kharoum after almost a year spent in killing things down in Africa, looking physically fit to "hit the line hard." He would not talk for publication the other day on public questions, but went so far as to say that he realized that he has before him "a series of harder working days than jungle hunting."

We never said it. We know a great man when we see him and hear that he is coming. We always thought that Mr. Roosevelt was one of the greatest and most—but we are wondering how George Harvey and the rest of the boys who have been tugging the populace with their ribaldry since he quit his job at Washington will get away from the record they have made, and which we have kept in a special scrap-book for their condemnation when he returns home. We have at times indulged in vagarious comment, but always with the knowledge that the Mighty Hunter would understand that our sinister purpose was to help him hang them, or shoot them as might seem most convenient to him.

Now he is coming back, and the long, long weary day is about to pass away. In the leafy month of June we shall greet him if we do not meet him, and dull care will take to the bushes. Already there are omens in the air. Already the wicked and slothful servants who have been sleeping while the master has been away are astir. Taft has resumed his travels, Wickes has resumed his duties, and the Standard Oil Company, John D. has resolved to give all his money away, just so, and Andy Carnegie is making his preparations to leave the country. After a bit, there will be only one brave figure left, Pinchot, the faithful, stern in his integrity, immovable in his impeccability, strong with the strength of a whelp waiting only for the king of the jungle to succor him. In his desperate fight for the conservation of our natural resources, law or no law.

If we were in Ballinger's place we should fly the coop right away; it will be better for him, and there is little chance, we are sure, that there are still a few of the Old Guard, Glavin and Henry Watterson and "us" left, intent only upon one deeply solemn thought that he is coming back, and that we have been spared to join in the acclaim that will shake the continent and drive Harvey and the rest of the malcontents to that vile dust from which they sprang. All hail the Colonel. He will not find the game here quite as adventuresome as it has been since he left these shores about a year ago. The most of it will be very hard to find, for the word has gone out that he is coming back. It is all right. We aver that we never said it at all, at all. It was our assistant who put it in the paper while we were collecting evidence against the scow cerry that has no sporting blood, and has been bee-having simply because he was out of sight.

Now, Colonel, come along, and let us get up another panic like the one of 1907, and let us drive everybody out of business who has an idea that the Constitution is not a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.

MR. PATTEN IN TROUBLE.

The cotton brokers of Manchester certainly gave James A. Patten, of wheat fame, a warm reception. They did not reverse his achievements or show the slightest respect for the great manipulator of food products. They were not at all deterred by his reputation or impressed by his person. In fact, the very sight of the brainy Chicago man seems to have "fried" them when he calmly entered the Cotton Exchange. He was a marked man, and was marked for slaughter. Men who had lost money by knowing less of the game than Patten took the personal delight in pummeling him. More than one gave him a good jab in the ribs, and several athletic brokers landed on the Wheat King's jaw. The police alone saved him from serious injury.

There are two ways of looking at this incident. From one point of view, we do not like the idea of a dozen fat Brits jumping on one American. It was hardly fair play. If any one man wanted to get even with Mr. Patten, the man, for what Mr. Patten, the manipulator, had done, it would have been all right. A fair fight is always inspiring, and a good set-to is relished by the best of men, but a mob against a man always makes friends for the man. We regret that Mr. Patten did not have as much strength in his arm as he has sense in his head, otherwise he might have seen half a dozen Brits with their toes in the air and their backs on the stone flags of the Cotton Exchange.

Viewed in another light, not as an attack on Patten personally, but as an attack on the things for which he stands, we rather admire the conduct of the Manchester brokers. To be sure, it was a case of diamond cut diamond, or Greek meet Greek, or the pot calling the kettle black, inasmuch as the men in Manchester tried to do on a smaller plan what Patten succeeded in

doing on a large scale. We let this pass, however, and merely suggest that the spectacle of a popular revolt against the man who raises the price of his brother's bread is not altogether unpleasant. If a revolt took the form of abandoning the Cotton Exchange and the wheat pit, and of having no further dealings with such men as Patten, we could unequivocally approve all that happened in Manchester. Gambling in foods is a poor business, at least for the man who loses—and, in the end, most men lose as much as they gain. It is a still poorer business for the welfare of society in general and for the welfare of working men in particular. Every cent that Patten makes by raising food products comes in the end from the increased cost of clothing and food. For the occasional breaks in the market which drive bears or bulls into bankruptcy, there are the steady and unfailing rises in price that fall on the miller, the retailer and, above all others, on the consumer.

We have nothing against Mr. Patten, and we regret the assault on his person, but we think that the sooner men of his stamp can be driven from the money market the better for the business of this country. We can get along without gambling of this sort as we get along without the lottery or the raffle.

SILENCE BETTER THAN FREE SILVER.

Says our esteemed Kentucky contemporary: "The Courier-Journal has a right to its opinion, but sees no necessity for expressing it." If Marse Henry will stick to that, we shall not care what his opinion is on any question. It is only when he says what he thinks, or what he thinks he thinks, that he is really a menace to the peace and good order of the country. Then he expresses so many opinions he can't sustain, and that is another reason why he should be very careful what he says.

For more than a month he has been expressing his opinions about Ballinger and Taft and Pinchot, and has tried to find out that nothing that he has said about them was really justified by anything that any of them ever said or did. At this time he is directing his fire at the Brooklyn Eagle, and we are glad of it, because we have heard that the vocabulary of that bird is as extensive as that of the thoroughbred from old Kentucky. In the melee somehow, probably Ballinger and Pinchot will be able to escape. We wish both of them could get away, and feel almost certain that no search warrant would be issued for either, if they would only efface themselves.

In his latest contribution to the Ballinger literature the Colonel falls back on Lincoln Steffens and Collier's Weekly to sustain his view. That in itself looks as if the Colonel had determined to drop the whole business and let old Taft go hang. If we could only get him back into the traces, there is still a good deal of—but what's the use? The most expert alienists advise in such cases, we believe, that the patient should be humored as far as possible, with the hope that the clutch might catch again and the machine run ahead without further serious interruption. That is what we are hoping for. The little diversion with the Brooklyn Eagle may have a sedative effect, and the finest Roman of them all get his feet on the solid ground again.

THE HIGH SCHOOL NURSE.

The City Council should certainly not take the trained nurse away from the High School. The fathers may limit new expenditures here and there; they may reduce the appropriation for smooth paving; they may even violate all precedents and lower a salary, but they should not think of keeping the city's young people all day at the High School without expert attendance in case of sudden illness or accident.

There is always enough for a nurse to do at the High School. With hundreds gathered together, boys and girls, for long hours of study and of work, there are always some sick among them. If these are promptly given the treatment they need, the saving in health will be worth many times the cost in money.

Then, too, a nurse will remove a considerable burden from the teachers of the school. These men and women are, of course, anxious to prevent sickness in their pupils and are always desirous of treating them properly in an emergency, but they have neither the experience nor the time to minister efficaciously. One nurse could do in five minutes what a score of teachers could not do in an hour, or could not do well in a week.

The High School should have a nurse because it is as much a strategic health point as it is a school. The boys and girls who are there four days in the week are observant. If taught the gospel of good health and proper living, they will not depart from it when they are old. If they can see how easy it is to prevent disease and how easy it is to reduce suffering, they will have learned a lesson more valuable than anything they find in algebra, more useful than all the lore of the lexicon.

WHAT THE PAPERS THINK.

The Staunton Daily Leader thinks that Dr. Ennion G. Williams "ought to thank Senator Noel for giving him this opportunity to advertise the good work the State is doing at the Catawba Sanatorium for Consumptives." And adds that Dr. Williams "has done more to spread general information on sanitary matters in the short time he has been at the head of the State Board than had been done altogether before."

The building of the Panama Canal will be of the greatest benefit to the ports on the South Atlantic coast, and Roanoke expects to share in the increased business which will be developed by this great highway between the two oceans. The Evening World says that Roanoke, being in touch with both Norfolk and Charleston, "is one

of the best inland cities of the entire South," and that "Roanoke, in the coming decade, is going to grow industrially and commercially in a manner that will almost astound." Richmond will also share in the benefits of the Canal, and the deeper the James River, the more it will thrive.

The Fredericksburg Free Lance is delighted that the oil bill was defeated in the Legislature, "in view of the fact that the people of Virginia are paying about as much tax now as they conveniently can."

The Alexandria Gazette says that the "present Legislature is regarded as the weakest body that ever assembled in Richmond to enact laws to govern the State." That is a rather hard statement, and we do not think that it is justified by the record the Legislature made. It ought to be judged by what it did that was good, and not by what it might have done that was bad, and it is only fair to say that it did not make many, if any, serious mistakes.

The expense of administering the criminal laws of the State exceeded last year by \$140,000 the appropriation made for this purpose. The Alexandria Gazette says:

"One of the main reasons given for calling a Constitutional Convention a few years ago was to reduce the legal and criminal expenses of the State, but this object seems to have wofully failed."

The best way, however, to reduce the criminal expenses of the State is to reduce crime in the State. If there was no crime there would be no criminal expenses. Besides, in comparing the present expense of managing the affairs of this State with the expense of other years and long-ago times, it ought to be recollected that Virginia is a larger and richer State than ever before.

Isn't it strange that the Norfolk Landmark doesn't speak to us any more as we pass by? There will be business enough to go around even after we have dug the James River deep enough to move the Norfolk Navy Yard to the Capital of the State.

There is some talk in Petersburg about "a bigger and better paper," and the editor of the Index-Appel tells the people there how they can get it and how he will help them to get it by putting into it every dollar of that paper's income excepting only fair living wages for the man who is making it, and then he speaks his mind very clearly and very sensibly to the knockers, who have been saying a great deal about what Petersburg needs in this way without really doing anything to help it along. It is a remarkable thing that every man thinks that he could make "a bigger and better paper" than anybody else ever made anywhere.

If Postmaster-General Hitchcock will only consult us about his appointments in this State we could pick out enough Democrats of the right sort to fill all of them with great credit to themselves and much advantage to the Government. The first thing Hitchcock ought to try to do in all the Southern States and Northern States and Middle States and Pacific States and in the islands of the sea is to break every Republican machine he can find into smithereens. In that way lies the safety of the country and the glory of the flag.

What's the use of living unless you live in Richmond? How can you live, in fact, how can anybody live, outside of Richmond, upon which every god hath set his seal and said, distinctly that there is no other place in the world—leastwise no other place that should be mentioned in the same breath or the same lingo?

In Mr. Taft's new bill to regulate the railroads it is hoped that he will insist upon the theory that business is business and that there is no more harm in swapping newspaper space for passes than there is in swapping money for votes. Not that it makes the least difference to us, because we don't do business that way; but because there are so many of our contemporaries down in South Carolina who ought to travel more than they have been able to do in the last two or three years—it really seems much longer than that—to their education. A law against an exchange of the nature we have suggested is a law against education.

The first Easter drama we have seen was made of straw and had all descriptions of posies, the most or them marguerites, scattered plentifully over the crown, with various vines hanging down her back, following the idea of the poet (one of those who has gotten into the Hall of Fame in New York), so excellently expressed in the line, "And the golden hair was hanging down her back." This is so much better and more humane-like than wearing dead birds on one's headgear.

Yet Lills will never be just the same again.

Bishop Nelson, of Albany, has approved the movement for a National tuberculosis Sunday on April 24. The efforts that are now being made to conquer the great white plague are admirable in every way; but we somewhat doubt the advisability of the Church going into this sort of business. The command is to heal the sick; but healing does not come by preaching so much as by practice. This suggestion is made, however, with the mental reservation that if anybody objects to it we shall take it back. We always strive to please.

When Jimmie Garfield went on the witness stand the old-timers remembered the days of Theodore and sighed towards the sacred banks of the Nile.

Old Jim Gordon would be a fine Vice Presidential candidate if he only loved Vardaman better.

Forty-nine negro crap-shooters have been "run in" by the vigilant police of Charleston. They will make a welcome addition to the chain gang and help to make that town grow. But what about the bigger gamblers? Are

any of them in trouble? Then there are the policy shops—have they resumed business? The Sunday work of chance has been repealed, and things seem to be perking up a bit all along the line.

Rumor has it that our old friend Dr. Long has been seen suspiciously near the cases sent back by One from Africa to the Smithsonian Institution. The nature-faker knows his kind.

Jeffries Davis need not fear that there is a plot afoot to kill him. He should remember the high price of powder and shot.

A wise fellow in Paris resolved after he saw the Chantier hats that he would never touch another cocktail.

Unless he is made a Rear-Admiral soon, Matt Henson will be lost to the glorious American citizenship. We'll forget him.

Philadelphia tried hard to lose its reputation for being slow in this strike, but it failed when it could only run the cars at two miles an hour.

The servant who left \$5,000 to her former employers, after some thirty years of service, evidently had a case of conscience.

We wonder if there is anything dangerous to the suffragette cause in the failure of the Russian courts to permit women to practice there.

A little girl dreamed she found one dollar in a waste heap, woke up and found it. But we never heard of a man who dreamed he took the pot in a poker game waking up and holding a straight flush.

No, there is no political significance about Mr. Bryan's unwillingness to run for the Senate. He just knew he could not get the place.

Senator Parsons declares Senator Bailey was responsible for the failure of the income tax amendment in Virginia. This is the first time we ever heard it suggested that Bailey was responsible for anything.

Among the new dramatic attractions of the spring season is "Sidheoga na nEala." We defer criticism of this masterpiece until we can find out the real meaning of the title.

We are now informed by the Houston Post that we were entirely mistaken in saying that there are only 168 liquor saloons in that town; that there are, in fact, twice that number. We might have known it, as 158 saloons could not fairly be held responsible for the meanness that appears in the editorial columns of the Post.

The whole case is stated very succinctly by the Houston Post as follows: "Mr. Bryan doesn't want the nomination, but favors a man who believes everything he does." P. S.—No other man believes everything. Mr. Bryan does." Yet he is one of the nicest fellows in the world. That is why we are sticking to him, for better, for worse, in sickness and in health, to the end.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the Discoverer of the North Pole, will sail for Colon from Rio Janeiro next Friday, and from that point he will sail for Mobile, Alabama, whence he will proceed by rail to New York, where he has engaged a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. This ought to put Richmond on the route of the Great Explorer, and it is hoped that he will stop here for a day or two for conference with those of us who still have faith in his claims. We can't promise him the freedom of the city, but we can assure him that he will not be charged more than an ordinary traveler if he have baggage enough with him to look as if it would be worth his board in case of accident.

Why doesn't Henry Watterson stick to the vernacular? In the Courier-Journal last Monday he speaks of the "polli." He might as well have said "holly holly." There is no such phrase in any language.

No, Cannon was not hanged yesterday, or at least the man by that name who deserves to be. It was only a conspirator down in Nicaragua, and not the Cannon we all know.

After awhile the Cannons will stay away from Nicaragua. How would it do to send young Phil down there to find out what's the matter with the "miggers"? We could carry him on the payroll then, and at this season of the year, there is no better place to spend a honeymoon.

Professor William Lyon Phelps has been telling the boys at Yale that the American women are caricatures on the ancient Greek women. That depends, we suppose, on the American women the Professor has been looking at. He ought not to think that all American women are like the samples he has been studying in Boston. The real American girl does not belong to the cold storage variety the Professor has found in the chief city of brown bread and baked beans.

The new moon has been shining on Richmond in unapproachable glory for several nights. She will probably make her appearance in the latitude of Houston, Texas, next Friday or Saturday. Richmond gets everything good that's going just a little ahead of any other place. That is the reason Richmond is.

There is as great rejoicing in the game lands of South Africa as there was in Georgia and South Carolina forty-five years ago after Sherman had passed through. The Geth has done his bloody work and the shambles are clear.

The Brownsville negroes will stay out of the army, announces the New York Press. They will not be reinstated or further punished. They will just be left alone. This strikes us as the most daring piece of journalism of the day. It is well enough to forecast the weather or the result of an election, but when a paper pretends to know what the Brownsville Board will do, or when the Board will do it, that newspaper ceases to deserve attention in trustworthy circles.

The high price of living is telling on the New Jersey prison. The warden complains that it costs them nine cents a day now to feed their prisoners.



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Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

The Sneed Case, Etc.
 1. What has become of the Sneed women?
 2. Were Andrew and Thomas Jackson related?
 3. Notice that Richmond is soon to build a tuberculosis hospital. Will it be the first in this State?
 4. Please name the men who are called "The Great Expounder," "The Great Pacificator" and "The Pathfinder of the Seas."
 5. Please give me Mrs. Hetty Green's address at the present time.
 6. INTERESTED.
 1. The Wardlaw women are still awaiting trial.
 2. No.
 3. No. Such hospitals are already established at Catawba, under the direction of the State Board of Health, at the State Farm and at the Central State Hospital.
 4. In the order you name them, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and Matthew P. Maury.
 5. Her office is at 170 Broadway, New York.
The President's Religion.
 Rev. J. L. Robinson sends us the following: "In your answer to the query about the religion of the Presidents of our country please allow me to call attention to the following facts. You put down John Adams and John Quincy Adams as Congregationalists. There are two branches of the Congregational Church in this country, Trinitarian and Unitarian. It is a well-known fact that both the Adamses belonged to the Unitarian branch of the Congregational Church. Thomas Jefferson, whom you declared a Liberal, avowed himself a Unitarian in belief in the most positive terms. A letter to that effect addressed to the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, of Massachusetts, is still in existence. Abraham Lincoln was not a member of any church, but was a Liberal. He said when he found a church that wrote over its door as a condition to membership 'Love to God and Love to Man,' he would join it. So as a matter of fact there were five Presidents who were Unitarian—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Jefferson, Fillmore and Taft."

Civic Improvement Work.

Please tell me what cities and towns in Virginia are doing the civic improvement work. SUBSCRIBER.
 Civic improvement work is being done in no less than 100 cities and towns in Virginia. Richmond, Petersburg, Roanoke, Staunton, Lynchburg, Emporia, Charlottesville and a number of other cities and towns.

DUKE OF ARGYLL'S UNSEEMLY TUMBLE

BY LA MARQUISE DE PONTENAY.
 A description of the opening of Parliament by King Edward and of the courts which he holds at Buckingham Palace mentions the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, and made of fact that he and his consort were "preceded by the great dignitaries of the royal household, walking backwards by a low bow, then a turn and three sliding steps, then another half-turn, and three more steps backwards, with another bow, and so on. This walking backwards has been done not merely on the level, but also up and down stairs, which is even more arduous, and requires an immense amount of practice. Those not accustomed thereto sometimes come to grief, in the same manner as did the late Duke of Argyll. The latter, on one of those rare occasions on which Queen Victoria opened Parliament in state, attended Her Majesty and carried the crown of the realm on a velvet cushion. At the conclusion of the ceremony, during which he had been standing on the dais of the throne, in the House of Lords, he proceeded to move backwards, leading the way for the Queen. He forgot, however, the steps of those around him, he reached the edge of the dais, he fell backwards, all huddled up in his long and heavy ermine-barred robe, and he was extricated with difficulty. The Queen, whose face showed no concern, then announced, although the gravity of those around her was sorely taxed by the spectacle presented by the "Cock of the North," that the Duke was called in consequence of his somewhat strutting gait, and addressed a few kindly words to him, expressing the hope that he was not hurt, and then swept out, with her cortege.

It is scarcely necessary to add that walking backwards constitutes a token of great respect. It is an act of homage that men of the old regime in Europe still accord to every great ruler of their acquaintance when they back out of her presence at the conclusion of a call, and is based on the doctrine that it is discourteous to ever turn the back to any one who is entitled to deference. The turning of the back upon a person is to such an extent a demonstration of disrespect and contempt that it has even been used as a figure of speech for the expression of aversion, and hence it is not unnaturally forbidden by the etiquette of most of the courts of Europe.

Gift of a White Elephant.

Of course there is no truth in the silly story published by the Italian newspapers and reprinted in a number of their English contemporaries, to the effect that King Edward has purchased Lord Rothes's villa, at Positano, near Naples, for the purpose of presenting it to Princess Patricia of Connaught on the occasion of her marriage to the Duke of the Abruzzi's brother, the Count of Turin. Every one knows perfectly well that the Duke's bride is given in an entirely different quarter; that it belongs to a well-known Roman duchess, who has the misfortune to be burdened with a husband who is given in order to break off this somewhat too widely known entanglement that the Count of Turin has sent off to spend a year shooting in Central Africa. Moreover, there has never been any idea of a matrimonial alliance between the count

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